

No. 2.

Vol. II.

THE COMRADE

By 'Divine Right.'



THEY CLAIM TO HAVE GOT IT THUS !

In Memoriam: Emile Zola.



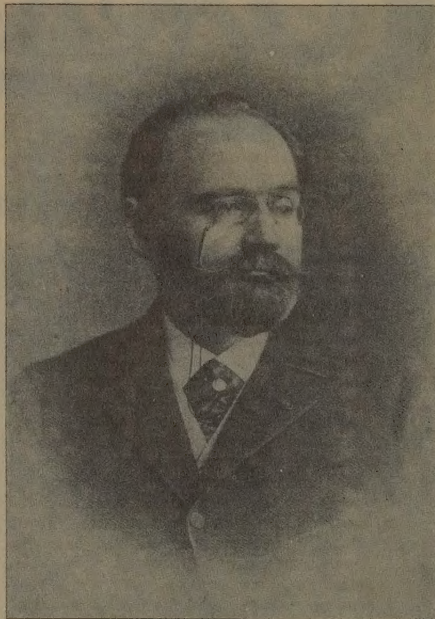
NE light has ceased to
shine, one star has
set;

From one grand heart
the spark of life has
flown.

Pause, toil and strife, to muse be-
side this dead!

Humanity this day has poorer
grown.

Kings, who in empty pomp have
lived and died,
Soldiers whose fame was wrought
of death and fear,
Though ignorance has wreathed
your marble tombs,
How poor are they beside my
Zola's bier!



EMILE ZOLA.

Thou champion of the toiling, suf-
fering class,
Thou fearless fighter for the cause
of right,
Thou noble seeker of all human
truth,
Posterity will keep thy memory
bright.

Thou hast departed, but thou are
not dead;
Thy mighty pen has conquered
death for thee.
Let his remains go back to mother
earth!
His name will go to immortality!

—Hebe.



ZOLA was the greatest novelist of modern France. But when that is said, how much more is there to add! He was a world-figure. He exerted a wider literary influence than that of any other contemporary writer, with the possible exception of Tolstoy.

What did that influence count for? What has it meant to the world? It were idle to say that his message has been altogether a thing of health and joy. He deliberately chose to portray the seamy side of life. He preferred to become the mouthpiece of a realism—a "naturalism"—so naked and sordid that the Anglo-Saxon mind instinctively shrinks from it. It makes one sick at heart to read his long chronicles of misery and squalor and lust.

And yet the reader is dull indeed who does not recognize the great motive back of these printed pages. Zola felt to the heart of him the tragedy of the world's suffering. He rends the veil and shows us what lies behind, as though he would say: "See how you have degraded life. See how you have wasted your heritage. I draw for you the picture of your beasthood that you may loathe it and outgrow it."

Zola's early years were spent in bitterest poverty. The iron had entered his own soul. And so we find in "Germinal" a picture of the brutalizing horror of a life of perpetual toil. Black as it is, the ideal shines through it, and we are pointed on to the flowering of a new humanity, the springing up of the wretched proletariat from the depths of suffering to the sunlight. In "Labor," too, are many expressions of radical feeling. There is biting satire on "high life" in this book, and a strong and sympathetic portrayal of labor's struggles toward emancipation from capitalism. "La Débâcle" deals with war.

Was there ever sermon preached against militarism more potent than this grim novel based on the Franco-Prussian War? Yet it merely recites facts.

In his hatred of all forms of injustice and oppression, Zola was great indeed. He had thoroughly shaken off the social and religious superstitions of our day. That is why he was so much hated by the rich and powerful of his country. Whatever we may think of the "Dreyfus case"—and as we look back at the incident we can hardly fail to be conscious of how absurdly exaggerated and hysterical were the feelings it evoked—Zola's indictment, "J'accuse," directed against a military bureaucracy rotten to the core, was a magnificent utterance, and it will go ringing down the centuries. Zola had a heart, and he could not stand mute while injustice was done. He was knight-errant for Dreyfus because he felt that Dreyfus was a victim. In the same spirit he loved the common life of the world and fought for social justice. He was in fullest sympathy with the aims and ideals of Socialism, and made some of his most intimate friends in the Socialist movement. But a few months ago he mortally offended some Paris "society" ladies, who had asked him to lecture before them, by telling them that the first thing they needed to do was to realize that they were parasites, and, having come to this realization, the next step to take was to make up their minds to do something useful and serviceable to the society in which they lived. One of the last stories he wrote was a tale—so simple, so pathetic—of the sufferings of a poor workman "locked out" from his job. On the day of Zola's funeral it was noticed that many of the most prominent men of France were conspicuous by their absence; but the working folk were there in tens of thousands.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

An Eaves-Dropper of Nature.

By J. WILLIAM LLOYD.



WHY do you not write sketches of nature, you who are so full of it?" inquires a friend.

Alas! that one may so easily be "full of it" and yet not overflow; like the lakes one sometimes sees, which are always full and yet have no visible outlet. But it is so, I believe, with most. We go to nature and are filled, we know not through what pores. Some fine ether is in our veins and we have received content, but our lips are sealed and if we try to describe we talk wide foolishness and pause aghast at the echo of our own emptiness. Yet we know we are really not empty, but most full, only not of fit words.

So nature always seems to me. More and more thoroughly and consciously I love her, yet ever she appears more indescribable.

I think it is this way—whoso would be a nature writer must write nature and not of nature. He must not stand outside and try to peer and report, or she will make him a struck fool. He must become a part of her, and then all that he may do shall betray her flavor even if he pen of clothes and cities.

To be a man of nature is to belong to a difficult Free Masonry of few members.

I am amazed at the patronage of the man of cities who, with much bustle, comes at stated intervals "to see nature," walking with switching cane and mincing step through her courts, looking at but not *into*, shocked at her dew and pollen on his skirts. Yet even to him she is kind, embracing him in the large motherliness of her invisible tides until he is sobered and purified by he knows not what and goes away dimly conscious of a blessing.

It were well, I think, if when we went to nature we were like the typical little children, "seen but not heard." Not seen, either, some would say, but after all, it is pleasanter when the citizens of the wild see you and yet do not distrust. Saunter with a moccasined foot and sit and listen much. Nature is full of her own business; she is not talking to you, but she is not unwilling you should overhear, if you do not interrupt.

Be very sure and do not hurry here. It is very rude, and of all things most offensive; for in nature there is always time.

I would say do not look for great things. That is the mistake. Set your vision at short range and appreciate the matter in hand. There is nothing more wonderful in all the jungles of India than you shall discover in this square yard of moss at your feet. For to the study of nature deep inquiry into the forest seems not important. Any copse or thicket will do, or gravel-pit, or fence corner, if you furnish yourself with time and take heedful interest.

I like a cow-path. Cows have great discernment in these matters and lay out their streets with exceeding taste. I do not think the Appian Way would please me so well. If you take a cow trail you may not go astray. It will wind like a snake, this roadway of "the kine of trailing feet and shambling gait," under stony pasture hills where blackberries clump, and mushrooms are in their season, through damp woods musical of thrushes, and along mossy banks, by swamps and pools where skunk cabbage and adders-tongue are; always to the best nature accessible.

And there is always an ancient flavor about a cow-path. In seems as old as Homer and further back, to the Golden Age.

Here sit you down on the warm earth, or mossy stone, or fallen log, in any place that may please you, and endeavor to melt into the landscape and become a part of the scene.

Let yourself go. Cast off from the motives within and become a citizen of nature. For the time, be content to grow and flow and make no urge. Man has been so long in the habit of

interference with nature that he can hardly keep his hands off her. He must be always pulling or pushing at something. At one-ness, to see, to hear, to drift is a lost art. Not but what many men are lazy and quiet when they sit down by the side of nature; but they are not with her, hardly for an instant; at once human affairs or imaginations lead their thoughts aside. They look at the sky and see not the color of it, nor any cloud. After an hour's contemplation they carry away no memory nor picture. Often, actually and physically, they go asleep.

Show them an ant and they try to make him run faster, or the eyes of the toad under the stump and they heave a stone. Not from malice, this, but habit. They do not see a flower unless they would pick it. The only instinct that binds them to nature is that of the drover, the hunter. Not that the hunter, the flower gatherer, the berry picker, are to be condemned, but these work all on the surface. The true game is beyond a bullet and the best fruit could not enter a man's mouth.

Now I like when I sit down by my cow-track to have some little picture before me—formed, it may be, by a glimpse of water through trees, or mayhap a vista of the trail, stamped in the red earth, winding up the hillside, arched over with branches and fretted with sun rays. Or perhaps only an old stump, so gray, moss-grown and furrowed by time as to have all the majesty of the most ancient things. I like to look at this picture till it is my own, and I can refresh it to my memory years afterward. To do this one must look at the selected picture with peculiar intensity and consciousness, shutting out all else, either of sight or impression, and living for the time passing only in the delight and recognition of the eyes.

If you get the knack of it you will feel like Saul of Tarsus when scales fell from his eyes. The flash of color, the clear-cut of form and sharpness of the whole impression will startle you. So children see, and that is why the pictures of childhood remain.

And to hear aright one must attune the ear to somewhat the same fixedness and intensity of attention. There are so many fine voices in nature which we shall miss altogether, like the ticking of the familiar clock, unless we pay them the compliment of concentrated listening.

I remember, when in Florida, becoming conscious of a fine, elusive music, dream-like and faint as memories almost forgotten, which I could not, for a long time, place. In the morning I heard it, when lying attentive at the first waking, and sometimes in the dazzle of afternoon. I could find no one who had ever heard of it, or who could hear it even when I fixed their attention. Some of my neighbors, Spiritualists, insisted that the departed were serenading me. But I discovered an explanation more mundane. It was the *Æolian* music of the light wind on the long needles of the pitch-pine. I was able to prove it by approaching to or receding from a certain alone tree in a clearing, whereat the music grew or lessened. But only in a mere breath of moving air. A little less and it was not born; a little more and it died. It was like listening to one's thought, so fine, impalpable was it. Yet if one listened *too hard* it seemed to disappear. It was very strange to feel alone in so delightful an experience, as if one might indeed have been favored by the immortals.

There is so much beauty, both of sight and sound that we do not appreciate. We do not focus properly. We see so much in one eye-sweep that we see nothing clear and single. It has seemed to me that if one were to sit under one tree, and the same tree, day after day for a season, looking ever up-

THE COMRADE.

ward through the leaves, he would find beauty enough for a whole summerful.

Better not take companions along. The thing that we are to outlearn for the time is the over-interest in the human. It is sweet, indeed, the face of one beloved in a nature setting. But it costs its price, and that price is the half forgetting of our errand. Our allegiance is divided, and it were likely that nature became only the accompaniment to the music of our joy. A man cannot make love properly to one woman while another dear charmer is near.

Perhaps if one had a companion who was reconciled and had the citizenship of the woods—but that might hardly be expected!

It is not necessary to be a stock or a stone. At first, while you are a foreigner in the fields, you would better be silent, perhaps, but, after a while, motion and voice can even be made a passport. Motion gentle and easy like that of the harmless creatures, and voice pitched in the key of the sounds about you—gentle and murmurous in speaking or singing, and in whistling fine and low and birdlike. So much the citizens of the wild are apt to regard as an advance and graceful concession and to meet in the same spirit. A red squirrel used to habit the pignut by my door, and when I *chirred* and chirruped to him in a clumsy enough attempt at his fluent language he would seem pleased and interested; come down to the lowest limb and turn head on side to ponder and eye me; or make little sounds in reply. He did not mock at my blunders, but with French graciousness considered the intention. Imitate, even very poorly, the notes of whip-poor-will or Bob White and they will nearly always respond.

It is an old, and certainly a pleasant imagination, to fancy that the birds, in their songs, clothe human sentiments in human speech-forms. Thus, in the spring, in the dim mornings, I fancied of my neighbor the robin—

THE ROBIN'S LOVE SONG.

OVERHEARD IN THE ELM.

The robin pipes in the blithe springtime:

Chirp dear, hear me! hear it!

O sweet—hear it! hear it!

Flutes to his friend with a fondling rhyme,

Sings to his love of their building time,

And the wee ones, four, that shall fill their nest:

Chirp, dear, hear me! sweet,

O sweet!—we are near it! near it!

But a translation literal would be better, I confess.

I deem it no empty dream, but prophetic, this of the scientist, that we shall one day have more exact data of the meanings of animal speech. Yet I see that the chief telegraphy between animal minds is of the nature of mind-reading—clairvoyance. They see, they touch each other, they inhale atmospheres, and knowledge is passed over from nerve to nerve and brain to brain as in the electric sympathies of lovers.

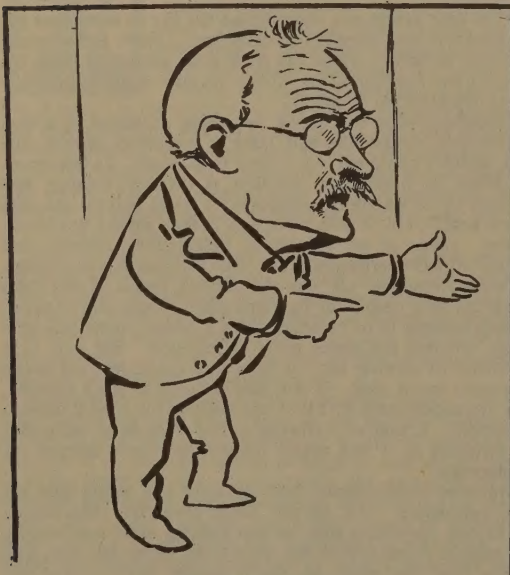
Be honest with your beast or he will read the treachery of your intention written in the odor of your thoughts.

Speaking of lovers: Are they not in a more primitive state (for the heart is older than the brain) than in the usual intellectual conditions, more animal-like, therefore more intuitive and to each other as an open book?

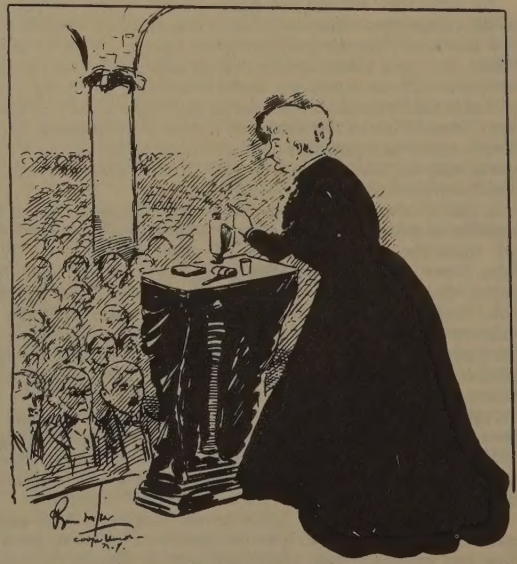
To the eavesdropper of nature many words in the dialects of the tribes of the air and the nations of the grass shall be revealed. The choristers of the summer mornings, singing behind vaporous curtains, and the crows trailing off to their roosts in autumn evenings, shall tell him secrets ineffable.

For behind this moving mask we call Nature lies the real Isis—the Secret—the Fact.

Sketches at the Greatest Socialist Meeting ever held in New York, October 18th, 1902.



FRANK BIEVERSMAN.



"MOTHER" JONES.

The Singer.

By SIMON O. POLLOCK.*



ANY years ago there lived in St. Petersburg a young man. He was a lover of music and was much devoted to it. His sole ambition was to become a singer of talent and influence. Unfortunately, he had a weak voice, and little talent. These shortcomings grieved him sorely, and he lived the spiritless life of one for whom the bright light of Hope did not exist. He belonged to a school of music, but there his ambition suffered still more, for the talents of the other pupils were far above his own, and the grim truth finally forced him to realize that in spite of all his efforts there remained nothing for him to do but to give up his cherished aim and to remain unfamed and unknown.

The prospects of a life without the pleasures of talent and influence, and all that beauty and influence could offer, tormented him. Such thoughts constantly haunted him, persecuted him, and disturbed him even in his sleep.

Once, while he was absorbed in the usual contemplation of his affairs, he fell asleep, and in his sleep an old man with a long, gray beard appeared, and thus spoke to him:

"Hear me, young man! I know what disturbs your mind and discourages you in life. I know you are eager to become a singer of renown. I know of your attempts and failures, and that you have lost all hope. But hear! It all lies with you. You can frame your own destiny. It shall be your choice whether you become famous, or remain obscure and forgotten. Listen! Do you wish to remain the unknown singer that you are to-day, sing often, and die unknown? Or, now, mark me well, do you wish to sing, but to sing three times only in your life, but when you sing then arouse men to great deeds, thus become famous, and then—die? Now, choose quickly! But remember, if you choose the last, be careful of what and when you sing, for after the third song you die!"

Our hero chose the last.

* * * * *

Years passed, and our singer had almost forgotten singing. He wandered aimlessly, got tired of life, but did not yet sing. Once, in the month of May, he met an old friend of his. In the course of conversation he was invited by his friend to a student's gathering, and our singer accepted the invitation. At the gathering there were students of both sexes. Most of them—strangers in the northern capital—flocked there to obtain a higher education, and, in the midst of oppression and tyranny, were overpowered in their struggle for liberty and bread.

It was a pleasant summer evening. The windows were wide open, and the room was filled with the delicious air of a northern spring evening. Many of those present still remembered their home and their friends of childhood and youth. In their memories were still fresh the charming country spots, the woods, the valleys and the brooks, where, in frolic and mirth, they had spent their youthful days—never to return. And while relating to each other the experiences of the latest days, the struggle for a livelihood, the persecution by the Government, the arrest, exile and execution of their best and noblest friends, they felt akin the contrast between the sweet past and the cruel present. And a sad mood, a mood of despair, fell over the circle. In vain they tried to forget these sad experiences, to kill these memories for a second, or a moment, and pass an hour in joy and rest; their wounds were too fresh to be forgotten, and these recollections still lingered in their souls. Our singer was among them, and now felt that the time had come for him to give his first song. He stepped forward and sang.

It was a song of love and courage. In the song he shed his tears with those who cried; he shared the pains of those who suffered; he lent his hand to those who weakly staggered. As a brother he sang to brothers who had lost their courage and were tired of their struggles. He sang to those united under the banner of knowledge, that they do not surrender their battles, do not disband the young union of theirs, do not abandon the ranks of those who stood for liberty, for all. He sang the sacred song inspired by hope, that truth, truth only, will triumph; that dark ignorance would not withstand the heavenly light of knowledge; that the future was happy and bright, and all the best that the singer carried in his burning soul—his sacred hopes, his dearest dreams—all he gave away in the glorious sounds of his first sweet song.

His song ended. There was no applause. There were no flowers. But there were tears of love and inspiration. He was surrounded by many a young heart; they thanked him, they shook his hands, and all—all pledged devotion to the cause of all for all.

This was our hero's first song, and great it was indeed.

He grew strong, courageous and brave. He began life anew, and he was happy—the happiest on earth.

* * * * *

This was the time of liberal views. Even some of the rich allowed their children to take part in such gatherings. And at this gathering there was a daughter of a liberal-minded general. The girl was enchanted by the song, and promptly introduced herself to the singer, and asked him to call. Her father raised no objection to the invitation, and our singer became a frequent visitor at her home.

For New Year's Eve the General arranged a ball at his house. He invited the most prominent and influential persons in the city, and at his daughter's request our singer was requested to attend. Among the guests there were many men and women of liberal views, but most of them were people who lived in luxury and were fond of pleasures.

It was a gorgeous affair. The parlors and halls were filled with flowers, and were wonderfully decorated and illuminated. The display of gowns and diamonds surprised the most daring expectations. A grand orchestra entertained the guests. Then dancing began, and continued until midnight, when the good-hearted General invited all to supper. When all were seated, and the usual New Year's felicitations had been exchanged, one of the guests announced that they had a singer in their midst, and that it was proper to meet the New Year with a song. All agreed, and the singer was requested to give his song.

A young army officer, in uniform and medals, arose. He sang a ballad about a brave and valorous young knight who fought for his king, conquered the enemy's strong army, killed and wounded thousands, and forced the enemy to surrender to his king. The young knight, sang the officer, was nobly compensated for his bravery. The king presented him with a sword set with gold and diamonds; the queen, in person, handed him a bouquet of flowers. * * * After the war the king grew rich, his wealth increased, his revenues and land enlarged, and his name was fame.

And the singer appealed to all, that they follow the example of the knight—begged all to be true and devoted to the king. * * *

A long, thunderous applause followed the song.

"Oh shame! Oh, shame!" was heard above the clamorous applause. It was our hero's voice. He could not withstand

THE COMRADE.

his wish to sing. He was not asked, nor did he ask, but he arose right there and sang:

"You all here are happy and gay. With pleasure and delight you listen to the song, which praises bloodshed and murder for the honor and wealth of a king or a czar. You dance and play, and for the coming year wish each other more pleasures and more wealth. But, are you not aware that while you here enjoy the New Year's Eve there are many and many a thousand without who do not even possess the price of a meal, cannot defray their lodging's cost, and, frozen and hungry, wander in this cold winter night? You do not believe? Then let us go! Come on with me! Please spare some time. Come into the cellars cold, into the horrid reign of darkness, pain and nakedness, where, in the sharp claws of poverty and want they suffer—these sick, hungry and neglected ones. * * * Do please recall that in the village and in the city, in the field and in the factory, there flow the laborer's blood and tears. * * * That for his hard and tiresome labors his only wage is a source of want. Oh, in this life, wherever you turn, you find a burden of pain and an ocean of tears. * * * And it is a virtue of virtues to do away with them—to do away forever! Forget it not! Suppress in you your lust for gain, for wealth, for luxury! Know that there is a calamity in this world, a great calamity; and of this calamity I beg of you, forget not! Shed tears over it until it exists no more." * * *

And there he ended. The silence that was forced upon the guests by the singer continued for some minutes. The song had its effect. The awakened conscience began its crusade. But it only seemed so. It did not take long for the old pleasure seekers to stop its crusade. A commotion followed. Many protested. The old General was loudly reproached for having admitted such a man into their "society." The feast was much disturbed.

But the young folks—the pure, inexperienced young folks—did not join in the protests. They felt the burning truth in the singer's song. Many of them left the ball. In their ears still rang the singer's passionate appeal. It pierced their hearts, and who knows but that it was not forgotten by them. * * *

The kind-hearted General paid little attention to the reproaches of his guests. He was deeply impressed by our hero's song.

"Why does not the young man go to Italy?" asked he. "Why there he will surely become the greatest singer in the world."

"He has no means," answered his daughter.

"Then I will send him there, and pay his expenses," said the General.

This was our hero's second song. Shortly afterward he went to Italy "to become the greatest singer in the world."

* * *

Our singer arrived in Italy during the war with Austria. It was the war for Italy's independence. It was the time when the famous Garibaldi and his "Thousand Invincibles" astonished the world by their heroism, and when all Europe keenly followed their wonderful exploits—inspiring their friends, and commanding the respect and admiration of their enemies.

While in Russia our singer knew little about these events. Studying music, he was not at all active in the practical struggles which were then alive in Russia; foreign revolutionary events were even less known to him.

Thus, upon his arrival in Italy, he for some time lacked any interest in the revolutionary struggles of those days. He quietly pursued his studies and devoted his time to the object for the achievement of which the General had sent him there.

One evening he met in a cafe an old Frenchman, a Garibaldi. The Frenchman was an old revolutionist; his forefathers had taken part in various revolutions in France, and some of them had lost their lives in them. The Frenchman was one of the "thousand," whom he joined as soon as he learned of their cause. The old revolutionist related to our singer the aims and experiences of the "Invincibles," their deeds and self-sacrifices, and at last enthusiastically asked him:

"Why don't you join the thousand pioneers for liberty and right?"

Our singer had, indeed, no excuse to offer—and joined the "thousand."

Many weeks passed, and the "Invincibles" had gone through desperate battles, and always with the usual success. Our singer was with them, and shared their hardships and their glories. The "Invincibles" called themselves a "thousand," even after many of them had perished in the various battles, for the courage of those remaining never faltered because of a loss or defeat.

On one occasion, however, it happened that in a battle with the Austrians, they were attacked by overwhelming forces. The experiences and dangers that the "Invincibles" underwent are indescribable. The battle continued long, but the "Invincibles" did not surrender. Of the "thousand" there remained only a few hundred, but they kept their ground with more persistence and determination than ever. It was a very unequal struggle, for the Austrians were unusually strong and greatly outnumbered the "Invincibles" and their defeat seemed to be only a matter of moments.

Our singer lost courage. The Russian, who was not accustomed to such battles, weakened. He murmured, that it was useless to continue, that it was a hopeless fight.

"The enemy is so strong and our numbers so small," were the shameful words that fell from his lips. He was overheard by the Frenchman, who indignantly cried:

"Oh! Coward! You mean coward! You ingrate Russian bear! Was it for this purpose that you joined us! You traitor! A dog like—" * * *

Further the Frenchman did not continue. The singer could no longer bear the insulting reproaches of the Frenchman. Honest shame overcame him. Like a lion he aroused himself and sang. * * * He sang the "Marseillaise." * * * Like peals of thunder his voice resounded throughout the ranks.

"Allons enfants de la patrie!" echoed his comrades; and with redoubled strength and fury they rushed at their enemy, with our singer leading all by song and deed, at their head. * * *

But, Ah! One—two—and he was no more. A burly Austrian soldier stabbed the noble singer's heart with his bayonet—and dead fell to the ground the martyr for liberty and right. * * *

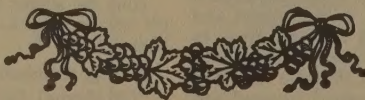
Like enraged tigers his comrades rushed over his corpse and anew attacked the enemy. The Austrians were taken aback by this undreamed of onset; they quailed, and, with an intermingled cry of dismay and despair, broke ranks and in wild confusion fled from the field. * * *

The "Invincibles" won. * * *

This was our singer's last song and—his death. * * *

Will you die such a death? * * *

*NOTE.—Some years ago, at a banquet held in St. Petersburg, the eminent Russian critic and author, N. K. Michailowsky, told the story which Mr. Pollock has here given from memory and in his own words. A portrait of Michailowsky will be found on page 36.—EDITOR.



THE COMRADE.

The Socialist Co-operative Societies in Belgium.

By EMILE VINCK.



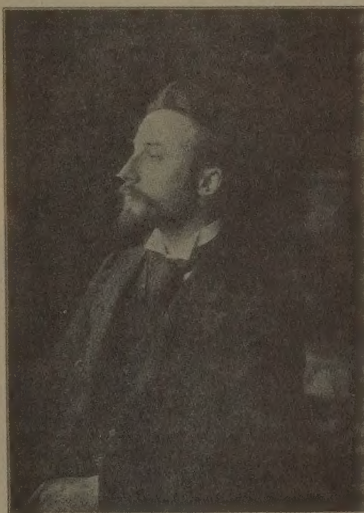
NE can practically say that all the labor organizations of Belgium are founded upon co-operative unions. Some comrades of other countries formerly criticised this tendency. But I do not think that with us a single comrade would be found, who would ask us to renounce to co-operative societies. On the one hand, these co-operative unions never cause us to forget our revolutionary tendencies; on the other hand, they have never appeared to us as an aim, but only as a means.

Although the first attempts date further back, the Socialistic co-operative movement really dates from the year 1880. The "Progres de Jolimont" dates from the "Internationale." The "Maison du Peuple" of Brussels, the "Vooruit" of Ghent, date from 1880. Their beginning was exceedingly modest: a few hundred francs, a few dozen members, an oven in a cellar to bake the bread—that was all. To-day these co-operative societies have each from 15,000 to 20,000 members. They are no longer just simple bakeries, although that is still the main branch of their activity. They have a grocery, a dry goods store, a butcher shop, a coal yard, and a shoe store. In Jolimont they also have a pharmacy and a brewery.

The Socialistic co-operative associations actually consist of 238 societies for distribution and production. The amount of their sales is actually about 38 million francs annually. The annual sales of the "Maison du Peuple" of Brussels reach five million francs; those of the "Vooruit" three million; those of the "Progres de Jolimont" two and a half million. Most of our societies have an annual income varying from 100,000 to 150,000 francs. The

"Maison du Peuple" of Brussels sells about 440,000 pounds of bread every week.

One becomes shareholder of these societies by giving a sum of from 10 to 25 francs, and by adhering to the principles of collectivistic Socialism. The stocks draw no interest, but the co-operator receives a part of the profits corresponding to his consumption.



EMILE VINCK.

The most important co-operative societies are at the same time mutual insurance companies, aiding their members and families in case of sickness.

It is our co-operative societies that permit our press to exist, and that give us the best resources for our propaganda. Moreover, they are everywhere the centers of reunion for all other Socialistic organizations, such as

syndicates, mutual aid societies, political clubs, educational and sociable clubs, etc., to whom they give the use of their premises. They also have large halls for public meetings, which is of great importance.

We also have some co-operative societies for production; these are: five printing houses, four breweries, one weaving establishment, three shoe factories, one quarry, one confectionery, three factories of tobacco, cigars and cigarettes, one dressmaking establishment, one workshop for building wagons, one basket weaving shop, one hatters' establishment, one hosiery factory, one carpenter's shop, etc. All are still in their infancy of production, but all are making evident progress.

In a few years from now, when the Federation of Belgian Co-operative Societies, our wholesale establishment, has been fully developed, then the moment will have come either to completely merge them into the federation, or to improve them organically, at the same time letting them keep a certain autonomy.

The important feature of this last year is the foundation of the federation, dividing into groups all our co-operative associations, and intended to constitute an organization similar to the English and Scotch wholesale establishments, only with our Socialistic spirit. It was founded upon the first of January, 1901. During the first year its total sales amounted to 768,000 francs, and its profit to about 10,000 francs. Since the first of January of this year the monthly sales have been doubled. In a few years this federal organization will be a real power, whose wealth and credit can again be placed at the service of all other organizations already existing and yet to be founded.

BRUSSELS, September, 1902.

Love.



MAY not live another hour * * * listen! Go to Clara * * * tell her I am dying; she will bless you all her life, for I love her."

The wife was cut to the heart. She stood dumb. At that moment she was more dead than he. But she went.

The two women stand beside the corpse. There is no answer to their terrible fears or feelings. Where is that something they both love? It is not this leaden body!

There is no word spoken, but the wife kisses that other One, who falls weeping on the breast of the dead man.

W. M.

How I Became a Socialist.

VIII.

By MAY WOOD SIMONS.



AY'S Wages for Day's Work." Over and over again I had read the rugged lines of Carlyle's "Past and Present" in my university days. It all came back to me one summer vacation when I returned to our Wisconsin town to find it excited over the trial of a favorite professor at the State University. He was accused of "perverting the minds of the young" by teaching Socialism.

"Socialism" was then a new word to me and had little or no meaning, but my curiosity led me to at once procure and read the book that was arousing the commotion—R. T. Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform." I read it several times and then fell to studying his "French and German Socialism." I was far more impressed by his statement of Socialism than by his objection to it. The latter seemed to me very weak.

In the fall when I returned to Northwestern University I began the reading of Ruskin on the one hand and the study of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" on the other. Fortunately I was not so fascinated by Mill's wonderful logic and beautiful style that I lost my spirit of criticism. Hence I did not acquiesce blindly in his conclusions as did the majority of my fellow students. The "Wage Fund" theory, so universally accepted in the economics department, was to me a stumbling block. Long before reading Marx I came upon the Labor Value theory in Mills and Ricardo, and as I turn over my old note-books, I find them filled with quotations from Mill, that set forth the Class Struggle as plainly as any Socialist ever stated it. These contradictions I could not explain. There was no one to tell me of Mill's change of mind, and not until I became interested in his personality, and took up his autobiography, did I find that before he died he called himself a Socialist.

My economic studies continued through the other classical writers to the Austrian, German and later American economists, and at each step I felt that I must get out of this mass of dead hair-splitting and mental calisthenics, and find something alive in the way of economics. Their *a priori* statements and apparent disregard of actual conditions and tendencies was evident to me.

At a bookstore one day came upon Arnold Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution." As I read it I felt that here was something that gave me more of economics than the theoreticians

possibly could. My next book was Marx's "Capital." I had heard of it before as "The Bible of the Working Classes." I studied it carefully. The first thing that impressed me was his great scholarship and his masterly chapters on industrial history. The labor value theory was again brought to my attention, and for the first time, surplus value. Here, said I, is the secret of capitalism. When I had obtained the "Manifesto" and Engels' little book on "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," and read them, I was a convert to Socialism.

Quite accidentally I had come into contact with settlement work, at Hull House and the Northwestern University Settlement. I frequently went on "slumming" trips, and having been brought up in a country town, where poverty shows few of its horrible features, I was suddenly made aware that a worse than the Inferno of Dante existed on earth. In the strike of 1894 I took the greatest interest, and my only regret was that I could not be a man on the field of action.

I had originally planned that on finishing my university work I would take a theological course preparatory to entering the ministry, in which work I had already engaged to some extent. I found, however, that my university studies had unfitted me for this, and I turned to the profession of teaching for the next few years. Here I continued my economic and sociological studies and began to fully grasp the idea of Socialism as a philosophy of society. For the first time I felt the inadequacy of our school methods and the existence of class education, and I saw that education too must pass through a revolution.

The years from 1897-99 were spent in or near the Chicago University Settlement. At this time I became a member of a branch of the Socialist Labor party. I knew little or nothing of politics, less of Socialist party matters, or of the international movement. During these two years I spent

four hours a day in the office of the Bureau of Charities. Night after night that stream of haggard faces kept me company in dreams. There were three distinct stages in my attitude of mind toward this problem of poverty. The sentiment of sympathy dominated during the first stage. Then the whole thing became mechanical. This in turn gave way to a fierce rebellion against the conditions that made people come begging for a pittance. Two years spent in this settlement and charity work forced both my husband and myself to leave it and give our whole time to the Socialist cause.



MAY WOOD SIMONS.

The British Co-operative Memorial to Robert Owen.

The co-operators of Great Britain recently erected a memorial over the grave of Robert Owen in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, where the great philanthropist and Socialist was born and where at last he died, having, despite his failures, influenced the thought and life of the world more profoundly than any other man of his age.



GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL

As befitted such an occasion, the unveiling ceremony was performed by that veteran co-operator and champion of free speech, George Jacob Holyoake, who stands in the foreground. We are indebted for this interesting photograph to Mr. J. Owen, of Newtown.

Little General. ❖❖

By POLLY DAWSON.



HE remembered how when a child they had lodged in a French pension. She saw very little of her mother and time would have weighed heavily upon her fat, little legs had it not been for the French army officer who, with his huge, white mustachios paced the garden by the hour. She followed after him one day, dragging her cart of tin soldiers. "Humph, what is this?" he asked, as the cart wheels grazed his polished heels. "Please, Monsieur, won't you play with me?" she asked, wistfully. After that they often played together, marshalling the corps of tin soldiers according to the latest military tactics. Bye and bye, she began to pick up bits of French and Monsieur taught her all the commands in that tongue, topped off with fierce oaths. Then he would laugh vigorously.

One afternoon the child found Monsieur in the garden with two men friends. She was timid for a moment, but seeing their glistening buttons, she emptied all her soldiers into the skirt of her starched frock and slowly advancing toward the trio, gravely saluted them. The salutation was returned with dignity. The child fastened her dark eyes upon the men and scrutinized them gravely. But her gaze lingered long upon the youngest of the party, the one with the fair hair and glittering blue eyes. Shinier even than buttons, thought the child. And she smiled up at him. His companions laughed.

Soon the whole party was engaged in arranging the troops upon the grass. Monsieur strapped his sword around her waist and the child marched up and down inspecting the ranks. "Forward! March!" she commanded. The manoeuvres were

gone through seriously, her sword dragging through the grass. "Charge! Run! Run like the devil!" she shouted breathlessly, her form drawn to its fullest height in order to be as pompous as Monsieur. How the men laughed. Monsieur grew red and his mustachios stood up like ensigns.

The fair haired officer came again next day, and for many days after. He called her "Little General." She called him "Comrade." Together they dug entrenchments and raised forts; once they even built a camp fire and roasted chestnuts, and Comrade sang a bivouac song in his clear voice. Little General clapped her pudgy hands and rubbed her curly head against his sword hilt. "Little General loves Comrade awfully much," she explained one day.

There came an afternoon when Comrade seemed gayer than ever before. "You will come to-morrow?" the child lips asked. "To-morrow," he answered. He lied, and with a smile. He smiled again when he saw her joyous baby face. Then he kissed her.

Little General waited all the next afternoon; but Comrade never came. Her throat felt sort of queer and dry. But a General never cries, she told herself. Day after day she arranged the tin soldiers, and waited. Day after day her great eyes grew more serious. For a General to cry before the entire army would be cowardly. "My soldiers," she said sadly, "your General is wounded. He has been shot here—somewhere—it hurts," and she pressed her hands around her throat and gulped down her sobs.

Then the little General threw herself upon the ground and fought the bitterest of all fights—the fight of love's first lie.



In the Streets.

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY.



MARRIAGE and car and dray together massing,
Over the streets they go, along the granite stones,
And over the pavements broad are people passing
All in a shadowy hive commingling, bees and
drones.

Women and men and children; gray-haired sages,
And clear-eyed boys who hold the world in a happy grasp,
But time shall fold and fold the flying years like pages,
And death shall fasten all at last with an iron clasp.

These for to-day shall come and those to-morrow,
A woman shall cry you "hail," and a man "farewell,"
'Tis ever a birth to lend and a death to borrow,
In the sound of a marriage chime or a funeral knell.

Hurrying back and forth they pass each other
In the race for power and fame, for love or gain,
Lo! you are one of this great throng, my friend and brother
Borne on the tide of humanity down to the main.

But you and I, as pathways meet, shall seek and find us
A flower of song, a sheaf of rhyme, and a grain of truth,
And take with a simple hope the place assigned us
By the reaper of reapers, who spares not age nor youth.

Hands that cross, and part, and a brief word spoken
And I will pass and you will pass to dreamless lie,
While the steady tramp on the streets goes down unbroken
And the bees and the drones as in our day will wander by.

Socialism and Ethics.

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

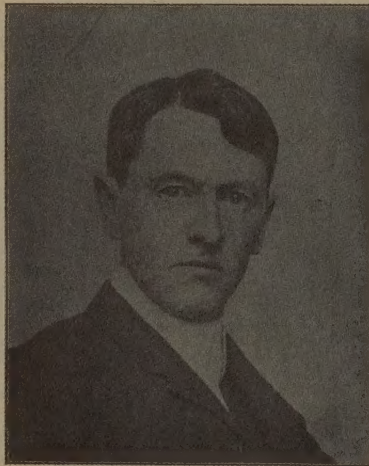


WHAT is right and what is wrong? No question that can be framed is so articulate with the passion and despair, the hope and heroism, the fear and fanaticism or the race's history. You cannot think deeply of it without seeing an innumerable cloud of human faces—faces pallid with dread or furrowed with anxiety, the face of the martyr, the saint, the fanatic of every sort. In that question are the pathos, the tragedy, and the sublimity of life.

So long have we been taught in the name of religion that the world, with all it contains, is the product of deliberate creative thought and purpose, that the belief has become almost universal that the final appeal in a question of right and wrong must be to some external Being. So, priesthoods and bibles have been vested with a supernatural wisdom. "Hear what God says," is the cry with which religion tries to silence all questioning, and smother all doubt.

But Philosophy long ago demonstrated to thoughtful minds the fact that right and wrong can be determined by no external Power, and Science, by its well-established doctrine of Evolution, has destroyed the last excuse for believing that there is a supernatural authority for ethics—or for anything else—and to-day it is a natural, rather than a revealed, theology that our Divinity Schools are teaching.

In other words, it is well understood by thinking men that the sense of right and wrong—indeed, every ethical idea and



WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

moral sentiment—has a perfectly natural origin.

The ethical code varies with different stages of civilization or barbarism. What is right in one place or time may be wrong in another place or time. In China it is right to destroy female offspring. In every primitive civilization child sacrifice has been deemed the highest virtue. To-day Christian civilization makes child murder a crime—except in cases of benevolent assimilation, or by the slow and torturing process of the industrial system.

The ethical code is the result of pre-

valent habits of thought and action, and these habits are dictated by men's material condition. In the primitive communal life of the race, poverty was unknown, and the person who asserted the right of private property was punished as a criminal. To-day, poverty is treated as a crime, and the lack of abundant property means inferior social caste.

The ethical code is always determined by the necessities of the dominant class. To-day, the dominant class is the Capitalist Class. It is, therefore, a Capitalistic ethics that prevails.

Stealing on a small scale is regarded as a crime, and punished severely by legal penalties and social disgrace. But stealing on a large scale is esteemed a mark of great virtue, and rewarded as such. The man who steals a loaf of bread or some small article from a store, is fined or imprisoned, or both. But the man or company of men that steals the whole store, or a railroad, or a legislature, may command any reward of honor in the gift of the State or Nation.

The Filipinos are "savages" because they do not willingly submit to the benevolent assimilation of a capitalistic government. The striking laborers are criminals, and the militia must be called out to shoot them into a virtuous condition, because they dispute the right of the Capitalists to say how much they ought to receive for their work. A good Filipino is one who possesses a Capitalist mind, and readily yields to superior force. A good workingman is one who never strikes, but meekly accepts the will of Capitalism.

The real problem of ethics cannot be

Redemption.

By WILLIAM R. FOX.

solved by the scholar in his study or the teacher in his class room. It is not at all the question, "What is right and what is wrong?" It is the problem of individual freedom. Anything worthy to be called "right" or "good" can exist only in freedom. A true ethics is as impossible to a slave as it is to a piece of wood. That is right for the slave which his master approves, and that is wrong which his master disapproves. The conscience of the slave, of whatever sort, is the product of his servitude.

The only effective movement in the direction of a true ethics—the only sane attempt to solve this supreme problem of human life—is the Socialist movement. Socialism possesses the key to ethics for two reasons. First, it means the dominance of the working class. Under Socialism the ethical code would be determined by the principle of co-operation, of brotherhood, of equality.

In the second place, Socialism alone can put mankind on the road to freedom. It means the abolition of involuntary poverty. That coercion of human life which arises from the control of natural resources by private individuals will cease, and with the downfall of economic slavery those influences which have operated for ill upon man's freedom will pass away. The individual will be free to live the life that satisfies his own nature, *and he will not be able to abridge the freedom of any other soul whatsoever.*

The ethical alternatives are not "right" and "wrong," but "expression" and "repression." To live one's life to the full—to give expression to all one's capacities—is the highest possibility and sacred need of man. No conceivable world or society can afford more or better than that.



WORLD beloved! Most
beauteous world!
World glorious! Miraculous!
From eons past and vast
uphurled,

A finished Eden! Woe to us!
What tyrants, ere we take, annoy us,
And spoil us here, and here destroy us?

All-wondrous world! Race-bearing
world!

With food and joy for all thy births!
Through skies, world-sown and sunlit,
whirled—

Our own of all the countless earths!
Yet like a chartless slaver speeding,
With all its races chained and bleeding;

Fell greed and war, the child of greed,
Are on its leas, are on its seas;
At their command we groan in need;
We cringe and sweat; rot on our
knees;

Or, vain of murder, pour like water
Our own and brother blood in slaughter!

At their command who chain our
hands!

At their command who make us
slaves!

Who claim the waves, who claim the
lands!

And all beneath the lands and waves!
We mar and murder one another,
Till brutes might shame to name us
brother!

Fiend-conquered Eden! Mine and
yours,

O comrades! Grand inheritance
That still from age to age endures!

My world! Your world! Our birthright!
Man's!

Large gift of love from unknown
giver!

This world from fiends will we deliver!

My paradise! Thy races cry,
With all their brides and babes,
aloud;

The tocsins of the heart reply:
Souls, conscious of their worth,
grow proud;

Thralls all call—all! as one uprisen—
"Our world! Our world! for home, not
prison!"

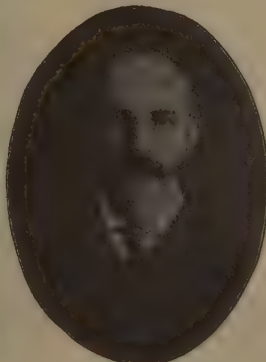
Celestial world! so full of light,
And all delight, in days to be,
When men, all free, assume all right
For them and theirs in all of thee;
And thou shalt roll with all thy races
A heaven amid the flaming spaces!

Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

VIII.



Dr. GEORGE W. CALVIN,
Founder Boston Emergency Hospital,
Member of State Committee, S. P., Mass.



Dr. H. A. GIBBS,
Congressional Candidate,
Worcester, Mass.



CHARLES H. QUINN,
Congressional Candidate,
Luzerne County, Pa.



FERDINAND UFERT,
Organiser Local Hudson County,
New Jersey.

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Matter.

Editorial.



As we go to press the announcement is made of the end of the long-drawn strike in the anthracite mines. The miners will return to work and leave all matters in dispute to be arbitrated upon by a commission appointed by President Roosevelt. We do not know what the terms of settlement will be, but it seems to be generally agreed that "recognition of the union," to which the miners attach by far the greatest importance, will not be included. Meantime, Mr. Roosevelt has done a big stroke of work for his 1904 campaign.

Whatever the terms of settlement may be, the strike has done much to direct the attention of people of all classes to our proposals as the only possible solution of the great problems of industry. It has made Socialists.

Apart from the splendid and heroic stand of the men in face of all the sinister influences arrayed against them, the struggle has been chiefly remarkable for the tremendous forces which have been called into play to bring about a settlement. Our own party agitation there and the splendid results thereof struck terror into the hearts of the politicians, who, from the Chief Executive of the nation down to the notorious Matt Quay in Pennsylvania, and the equally notorious Tom Platt in New York, have used every means known to them to end the strike before election day. In this they have apparently succeeded, but they cannot undo the results of our propaganda!

Some time ago a clever Fabian wrote, in the *New York Independent*, of what he was pleased to call "A Benevolent Feudalism" as the next change in industrial society. But the building of "Bull Pens," and the pouring of soldiers

into the various strike centers, these, and the blood-thirsty orders issued to the soldiers, cast a good deal of doubt upon the "benevolence" of these coal barons. Either they believe in the existence of that "class war," the mention of which, by a worker, is such a heinous offence, or their deeds are unaccountable.

Instead of talking about a possible reign of "benevolent feudalism" the clever Fabian scribe aforesaid might have dealt with the present existence of an industrial dictatorship—and not a very benevolent one either. All the combined forces of public opinion, presidential persuasion and political threats from fear-stricken party leaders, availed not to move the operators with canting, hypocritical Baer at their head. What *could* move them, the anointed and chosen of God?

Nothing but the word of our financial grand seigneur, J. Pierpont Morgan.

What a travesty of a republic!

The Democratic Party—truly "a disorganized hypocrisy"—hope to make political capital of the strike. In New York at any rate they demand that the Government shall take over the anthracite mines. I here's heroic politics for you! Here's profound wisdom!!

Of course there is nothing "Socialistic" about it—Uh, dear no! That is the simple commonsense of the situation—everybody sees that—and it is an integral principle of Democracy, you understand! That the Socialists have really made it sufficiently popular for our adoption is an incident only: it is perfectly absurd on the part of those horrid Republicans to charge us with being Socialists—so runs the whine from Democratic Dan to Bear Sheeba.

And, of course, it is *not* Socialism. Government ownership *a la* David B. Hill and the Democratic Party is a monstrosity. Turn to the Bible story of man's creation, Chapter II., verse 7—this sort of Government ownership is the form of clay without the breath of life making it a living soul. Is the parable clear?

Government ownership will only benefit the workers when they own the Government. And then they will not stop at ownership of the anthracite mines. Is there any reason for the Government ownership of the anthracite mines which does not equally apply to the bituminous coal mines, or the railroads, or to the oil supply? If Government ownership is a means of escape from the thrall of the coal trust, why not from that of the beef trust?

It is not for a moment to be supposed that the Democrats are sincere in putting forward this "demand." It is a trap; withal not very cleverly concealed. But if the reader is fond of speculations of the sort, let him consider just how the Democratic Party would "nationalize" these mines—*supposing* they ever did attempt to "make good." In the first place the mines would be acquired—watered stock and all—at a cost of many millions of dollars, for which interest-bearing Government bonds would be issued. It is not difficult to see that the *amount* of such interest might, and probably would, be greater than the profits at present derived from the mines. Net result: The mine owners would be relieved from all the onus of management, and all risks, and continue to reap where they had not sown. But where would the workers come in?

Verily capitalist government ownership is—
"Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!"

The latest Republican remedy for the trust evil is tariff revision. "Publicity" is apparently no longer to be relied upon as the grand specific, the great cure-all. The trust can afford to laugh at the imaginary terrors of publicity; was there ever a business corporation in the world upon which beat a fiercer light of public opinion and public ostracism than that which attended the doings of the Standard

Oil Company? "Curbing the trusts" and the insincere threat of a constitutional amendment to that end is likewise dropped. A voice mightier than Roosevelt's hath spoken and demanded this.

In his now famous New England speeches the President incidentally referred to the coming of the international trust and to the difficulties of control in such cases. Everybody sees that if a trust is incorporated in London, say, while trading largely in this country, or *vice versa*, an attempt at "restriction" or "control" would be exceedingly likely to lead to grave complications. In view of this fact recognized by the President, the cry of tariff revision assumes new and added interest and importance. As Socialists we assuredly have no great concern for the tariff. Protection is not the point.

The theory of the advocates of tariff revision as a means of destroying the power of the trusts is that the trusts have been made possible only by the tariffs. That this is not true is evidenced by the existence of trusts in England, where there is "free trade." But it is true, nevertheless, that the tariffs have aided the trust, which is not by any means the same thing.

Now the question arises, What would happen if these protective tariffs were abandoned?

The revisionist cries for answer: "The trusts would be checked by the resultant competition from abroad."

But, once more, what would happen? The answer to that seems very plain. The trusts are the direct and logical result of competition: precipitate a fight of this kind between rival trusts, and you precipitate the formation of international trusts in every department of industry that are beyond the reach of any power of State or Federal government.

It is by no means uncertain that the trusts themselves are not behind this move.

Mem. for the Local Quorum of our National Committee: Be patient. Once, when a friend remarked to Karl Marx, "I wonder, Marx, how it is you can be so patient, you who have done so much, while I, who have done so little, am so impatient," the brave old philosopher replied: "Ah, my friend, when you have been *impatient* so long as I have, you will not marvel at my patience!"

This has a moral for others beside the Local Quorum.

S.



N. K. MICHAILOWSKY.

The Daughter of a Revolutionist.

By W. A. COREY.



IN a modest, unpretentious cottage in an unpretentious part of the town of Pasadena, California, lives an aged couple, both of whom were intimately connected—the wife by blood relationship and the husband by active comradeship—with John Brown, the famous liberator. They are Mrs. Ruth Brown Thompson, the only surviving daughter of the great martyr, and Henry Thompson, her husband. Mrs. Thompson is 73 and her husband is 80 years old, and both are failing rapidly under the weight of years.

I recently called at the little vine-embowered home and talked with the old people. Though I know they are all too often bored with curious visitors and though they have told every possible part of the tragic story many times and oft, still, through very kindness, they are always ready to tell it again; always ready to show once more the relics and stacks of photographs of historic persons and places with which the house is crowded.

Mrs. Thompson, a motherly old lady, wearing an old-fashioned white frilled cap, seems especially anxious to please and entertain the visitor. I think she has the sweetest smile I ever saw on a human face. One has no difficulty in believing that she is the daughter of a man who was great enough to willingly give his life for human liberty. There is in her every word and act that infinite gentleness which is itself greatness; but just beneath the gentleness you feel that there is tremendous moral strength—a courage which counts life as nothing when weighed over against a moral principle. A little negro neighbor boy came into the room while she was showing me the pictures, with some trifling request to make of "Auntie" Thompson. And the kindly pat she gave him on his woolly head and her admonition to her "little man" gave me a better insight into her character than a volume would have done.

After Mr. Thompson had showed me a Sharp's rifle taken from the hands of a captured pro-slavery soldier at the battle of Blackjack in Kansas, and after telling me much of the trying days of the anti-slavery struggle and of the awful weeks of suspense between the Harper's Ferry raid and the execution of the great Liberator, I was ready to go.

But I wanted to know something else. I wished to know what these old people thought of present day problems. I thought, "How fine it would be if I could say that these old people, having suffered in the struggle against one kind of slavery, are in sympathy with the present struggle against another." I even hoped that if I drew them out, they might declare themselves Socialists.

But I was doomed to disappointment. For when I suggested that each age has its problems and asked Mr. Thompson what he thought would be the outcome of the labor problem, he replied substantially as follows:

"It may lead to war. Some think it will cause a greater war than the Civil War. These labor unions encourage strikes.

The strikers never know when they have enough. If the employers make concessions the strikers want more concessions until the owners can yield no more and carry on their business. When men are getting three and four dollars a day (I had mentioned the coal strike) and want more they are unreasonable. If they don't like the work and the pay they can quit. And they have no right to prevent other men who will work at the rate offered taking their places."

Did I make any reply to these sentiments? I did not say a word. Why disturb with an argument two old people for whom the grave is impatiently waiting?

So I arose, thanked them for the interview, shook their hands and went away with this thought uppermost in my mind: "Ah, well, it is given to but few people to be on the right side of and to help settle more than one great question in the world's history." Quite possibly some Socialists of to-day may fail to think clearly in some future crisis now as unforeseen as the present labor crisis was unforeseen a half century ago.

John Brown was a revolutionist. He did not believe the institution of chattel slavery could be reformed. He believed the only way was to kill it, root and branch. He was right. But they who stood with him were few. The many thought the evil could be reformed. The church taught that slavery was all right, but that master and slave should be Christians. Stephen A. Douglas was a brilliant man. He said "Squatter Sovereignty" was the solution. Others said it should be confined in its own territory. The "practical" people said "keep it out of politics." And the moral cowards "Let it alone. It will solve itself."

But the ethics of slavery were against Christianity and squatter sovereignty failed and it would not stay confined and the practical men could not keep it out of politics, and it stubbornly refused to settle itself. All reforms failed. Revolution was the only thing left. John Brown the "fanatic" was right.

We are facing another crisis. We are dealing with white slavery this time. Again the church is telling us that cap-

italism is all right, but that capitalist and laborer should be Christians. Again the "brilliant" men have their little schemes. Once more the "practical" men are saying "keep it out of politics." Again the moral cowards will not touch it. But, as before, the ethics of capitalism and of Christianity will not harmonize and the schemes of the "brilliant" men do not seem to work and the "practical" men can't keep it out of politics and the cowards are as cowardly as ever.

Revolution is the only thing left. Not necessarily violent—let us hope—but peaceful revolution. Capitalism must be destroyed.

Are you with us, toiler? Are you willing to so act that it may be said of you as it has been said of John Brown:

"And there was one whose fight, whose faith, whose failing,

Fame yet shall placard upon the walls of time

He dared begin, despite the unavailing;

He dared begin, when failure was a crime."



MRS. RUTH BROWN THOMPSON.

THE COMRADE.

News from Nowhere.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(CONTINUED.)



UT the clever general took no visible action: and yet only a few of the minor newspapers abused him; thoughtful men gathered from this that a plot was hatching. As for the Committee of Public Safety, whatever they thought of their position, they had now gone too far to draw back; and many of them, it seems, thought that the government would not act. They went on quietly organizing their food supply, which was a miserable dribble when all is said; and also as a retort to the state of siege, they armed as many men as they could in the quarter where they were strongest, but did not attempt to drill or organize them, thinking, perhaps, that they could not at the best turn them into trained soldiers till they had some breathing space. The clever general, his soldiers, and the police, did not meddle with all this in the least in the world; and things were quieter in London that week-end; though there were riots in many places of the provinces, which were quelled by the authorities without much trouble. The most serious of these were at Glasgow and Bristol.

"Well, the Sunday of the meeting came, and great crowds came to Trafalgar Square in procession, the greater part of the Committee among them, surrounded by their band of armed men somehow or other. The streets were quite peaceful and quiet, though there were many spectators to see the procession pass. Trafalgar Square had no body of police in it; the people took quiet possession of it, and the meeting began. The armed men stood around the principal platform, and there were a few others armed amidst the general crowd; but by far the greater part were unarmed.

"Most people thought the meeting would go off peaceably; but the members of the Committee had heard from various quarters that something would be attempted against them; but these rumors were vague, and they had no idea of what threatened. They soon found out.

"For before the streets about the square were filled, a body of soldiers poured into it from the northwest corner and took up their places by the houses that stood on the west side. The people growled at the sight of the redcoats; the armed men of the Committee stood undecided, not knowing what to do; and indeed this new influx so jammed the crowd together, that, unorganized as they were, they had little chance of working through it. They had scarcely grasped the fact of their enemies being there, when another column of soldiers, pouring out of the streets which led into the great southern road going down to the Parliament House (still existing, and called the Dung Market), and also from the embankment by the side of the Thames, marched up, pushing the crowd into a denser and denser mass, and formed along the south side of the square. Then any of those who could see what was going on knew at once that they were in a trap, and could only wonder what would be done with them.

"The closely-packed crowd would not, or could not, budge, except under the influence of the height of terror, which was soon to be supplied to them. A few of the armed men struggled to the front; or climbed up to the base of the monument which then stood there, that they might face the wall of hidden fire before them; and to most men (there were many women among them) it seemed as if the end of the world had come, and to-day seemed strangely different from yesterday. No sooner were the soldiers drawn up as aforesaid than, says an eye-witness, 'a glittering officer on horseback came prancing out from the ranks on the south, and read something from a pa-

per which he held in his hand; which something very few heard; but I was told afterward that it was an order for us to disperse, and a warning that he had a legal right to fire on the crowd else, and that he would do so. The crowd took it as a challenge of some sort, and a hoarse threatening roar went up from them; and after that there was comparative silence for a little, till the officer had got back into the ranks. I was near the edge of the crowd, toward the soldiers,' says this eye-witness, 'and I saw three little machines being wheeled out in front of the ranks, which I knew for mechanical guns. I cried out, "Throw yourselves down! they are going to fire!" But no one scarcely could throw himself down, so tight were the crowd packed. I heard a sharp order given, and wondered where I would be the next minute; and then—it was as if the earth had opened, and hell had come up bodily amidst us. It is no use trying to describe the scene that followed. Deep lanes were mowed amidst the thick crowd; the dead and dying covered the ground, and the shrieks and wails and cries of horror filled all the air, till it seemed as if there were nothing else in the world but murder and death. Those of our armed men who were still unhurt, cheered wildly, and opened a scattering fire on the soldiers. One or two soldiers fell; and I saw the officers going up and down the ranks urging the men to fire again; but they received the orders in sullen silence, and let the butts of their guns fall. Only one sergeant ran to a machine gun and began to set it going; but a tall young man, an officer, too, ran out of the ranks and dragged him back by the collar; and the soldiers stood there motionless, while the horror-stricken crowd, nearly wholly unarmed (for most of the armed men had fallen in that first discharge), drifted out of the square. I was told afterward that the soldiers on the west side had fired also, and done their part of the slaughter. How I got out of the square I scarcely know; I went, not feeling the ground under me, what with rage and terror and despair.'

"So says our eye-witness. The number of the slain on the side of the people in that shooting during a minute was prodigious; but it was not easy to come at the truth about it; it was probably between one and two thousand. Of the soldiers, six were killed outright and a dozen wounded."

I listened, trembling with excitement. The old man's eyes glittered, and his face flushed as he spoke, and told the tale of what I had often thought might happen. Yet I wondered that he should have got so elated about a mere massacre, and I said:

"How fearful! And I suppose that this massacre put an end to the whole revolution for that time?"

"No, no," cried old Hammond; "it began it!"

He filled his glass and mine, and stood up and cried out, "Drink this glass to the memory of those who died there, for indeed it would be a long tale to tell how much we owe them."

I drank, and he sat down again, and went on.

"That massacre of Trafalgar Square began the civil war, though, like all such events, it gathered head slowly, and people scarcely knew what a crisis they were acting in.

"Terrible as the massacre was, and hideous and overpowering as the first terror had been, when the people had time to think about it, their feeling was one of anger rather than fear; although the military organization of the state of siege was now carried out without shrinking by the clever young general. For though the ruling classes, when the news spread next morning, felt one gasp of horror, and even dread, yet the government and their immediate backers felt that now the wine was drawn and must be drunk. However, even the most re-

THE COMRADE.

actionary of the capitalist papers, with two exceptions, stunned by the tremendous news, simply gave an account of what had taken place, without making any comment upon it. The exceptions were one, a so-called 'liberal' paper (the government of the day was of that complexion), which, after a preamble, in which it declared its undeviating sympathy with the cause of labor, proceeded to point out that in time of revolutionary disturbance it behooved the government to be just but firm, and that by far the most merciful way of dealing with the poor madmen who were attacking the very foundations of society (which had made them mad and poor) was to shoot them at once, so as to stop others from drifting into a position in which they would run a chance of being shot. In short, it praised the determined action of the government as the *acme* of human wisdom and mercy, and exulted in the inauguration of an epoch of reasonable democracy free from the tyrannical fads of Socialism.

"The other exception was a paper thought to be one of the most violent opponents of democracy, and so it was; but the editor of it found his manhood, and spoke for himself and not for his paper. In a few simple, indignant words he asked people to consider what a society was worth which had to be defended by the massacre of unarmed citizens, and called on the government to withdraw their state of siege and put the general and his officers who fired on the people on their trial for murder. He went further, and declared that whatever his opinion might be as to the doctrine of the Socialists, he for one should throw in his lot with the people, until the government atoned for their atrocity by showing that they were prepared to listen to the demands of men who knew what they wanted, and whom the decrepitude of society forced into pushing their demands in some way or other.

"Of course, this editor was immediately arrested by the military power; but his bold words were already in the hands of the public, and produced a great effect; so great an effect that the government, after some vacillation, withdrew the state of siege; though at the time it strengthened the military organization and made it more stringent. Three of the Committee of Public Safety had been slain in Trafalgar Square; of the rest, the greater part went back to their old place of meeting, and there awaited the event calmly. They were arrested there on the Monday morning, and would have been shot at once by the general, who was a mere military machine, if the government had not shrunk before the responsibility of killing men without any trial. There was, at first, a talk of trying them by a special commission of judges, as it was called—i. e., before a set of men bound to find them guilty, and whose business it was to do so. But with the government the cold fit had succeeded to the hot one, and the prisoners were brought before a jury at the assizes. There a fresh blow awaited the government; for, in spite of the judge's charge, which distinctly instructed the jury to find the prisoners guilty, they were acquitted, and the jury added to their verdict a presentment, in which they condemned the action of the soldiery, in the queer phraseology of the day, as 'rash, unfortunate, and unnecessary.' The Committee of Public Safety renewed its sittings, and from thenceforth was a popular rallying point in opposition to the Parliament. The government now gave way on all sides, and made a show of yielding to the demands of the people, though there was a widespread plot for affecting a *coup d'état* set on foot between the leaders of the two so-called opposing parties in the parliamentary faction fight. The well-meaning part of the public was overjoyed, and thought that all danger of a civil war was over. The victory of the people was celebrated by huge meetings, held in the parks and elsewhere, in memory of the victims of the great massacre.

"But the measures passed for the relief of the workers, though to the upper classes they seemed ruinously revolutionary, were not thorough enough to give the people food and a decent life, and they had to be supplemented by unwritten enactments without legality to back them. Although the gov-

ernment and Parliament had the law courts, the army and society' at their backs, the Committee of Public Safety began to be a force in the country, and really represented the producing classes. It began to improve immensely in the days which followed on the acquittal of its members. Its old members had little administrative capacity, though with the exception of a few self-seekers and traitors, they were honest, courageous men, and many of them were endowed with considerable talent of other kinds. But now that the times called for immediate action, came forward the men capable of setting it on foot; and a new network of workmen's associations grew up very speedily, whose avowed single object was the tiding over of the ship of the community into a simple condition of Communism; and as they practically undertook also the management of the ordinary labor war, they soon became the mouth-piece and intermediary of the whole of the working classes; and the manufacturing profit-grinders now found themselves powerless before this combination; unless their committee, Parliament, plucked up courage to begin the civil war again, and to shoot right and left, they were bound to yield to the demands of the men whom they employed, and pay higher and higher wages for shorter and shorter day's work. Yet one ally they had, and that was the rapidly approaching break-down of the whole system founded on the World-Market and its supply; which now became so clear to all people that the middle classes, shocked for the moment into condemnation of the government for the great massacre, turned around nearly in a mass, and called on the government to look to matters, and put an end to the tyranny of the Socialist leaders.

"Thus stimulated, the reactionist plot exploded probably before it was ripe; but this time the people and their leaders were forewarned, and before the reactionaries could get under way, had taken the steps they thought necessary.

"The Liberal Government (clearly by collusion) was beaten by the Conservatives, though the latter were nominally much in the minority. The popular representatives in the House understood pretty well what this meant, and after an attempt to fight the matter out by division in the House of Commons, they made a protest, left the House, and came in a body to the Committee of Public Safety; and the civil war began again in good earnest.

"Yet its first act was not one of mere fighting. The new Tory Government determined to act, yet durst not re-enact the state of siege, but it sent a body of soldiers and police to arrest the Committee of Public Safety in the lump. They made no resistance, though they might have done so, as they had now a considerable body of men who were quite prepared for extremities. But they were determined to try first a weapon which they thought stronger than street fighting.

"The members of the Committee went off quietly to prison; but they had left their soul and their organization behind them. For they depended not on a carefully arranged center with all kinds of checks and counter checks about it, but on a huge mass of people in thorough sympathy with the movement, bound together by a great number of links of small centers with very simple instructions. These instructions were now carried out.

"The next morning, when the leaders of the re-action were chucking at the effect which the report in the newspapers of their stroke would have upon the public—no newspapers appeared; and it was only toward noon that a few straggling sheets, about the size of the gazettes of the seventeenth century, worked by policemen, soldiers, managers and press writers, were dribbled through the streets. They were greedily seized on, and read; but by this time the serious part of their news was stale, and people did not need to be told that the General Strike had begun. The railways did not run, the telegraph wires were unserved; flesh, fish and green stuff brought to market was allowed to lie there still packed, and perishing; the thousands of middle-class families, who were utterly dependent for the next meal on the workers, made frantic efforts

THE COMRADE.

through their more energetic members to cater for the needs of the day, and among those of them who could throw off the fear of what was to follow, there was, I am told, a certain enjoyment of this unexpected picnic—a forecast of the days to come, in which all labor grew pleasant.

"So passed the first day, and toward evening the Government grew quite distracted. They had but one resource for putting down any popular movement—to wit, mere brute force; but there was nothing for them against which to use their army and police; no armed bodies appeared in the streets; the offices of the Federated Workmen were now, in appearance, at least, turned into places for the relief of people thrown out of work, and under the circumstances they dared not arrest the men engaged in such business, all the more, as even that night many quite respectable people applied at these offices for relief, and swallowed down the charity of the revolutionists along with their supper. So the Government massed soldiers and police here and there—and sat still for that night, fully expecting on the morrow some manifesto from 'the rebels,' as they now began to be called, which would give them an opportunity of acting in some way or another. They were disappointed. The ordinary newspapers gave up the struggle that morning, and only one very violent reactionary paper (called the *Daily Telegraph*, attempted an appearance, and rated 'the rebels' in good set terms for their folly and ingratitude in tearing out the bowels of their 'common mother,' the English Nation, for the benefit of a few greedy paid agitators, and the fools whom they were deluding. On the other hand, the Socialist papers (of which three only, representing somewhat different schools, were published in London) came out full to the throat of well-printed matter. They were greedily bought by the whole public, who, of course, like the Government, expected a manifesto in them. But they found no word of reference to the great subject. It seemed as if their editors had ransacked their drawers for articles which would have been in place forty years before, under the technical name of educational articles. Most of these were admirable and straightforward expositions of the doctrines and practice of Socialism, free from haste and spite and hard words, and came upon the public with a kind of May day freshness amidst the worry and terror of the moment; and though the knowing well understood that the meaning of this move in the game was mere defiance, and a token of irreconcilable hostility to the then rules of society, and though, also, they were meant for nothing else by 'the rebels,' yet they really had their effect as 'educational articles.' However, 'education' of another kind was acting upon the public with irresistible power, and probably cleared their heads a little.

"As to the Government, they were absolutely terrified by this act of 'boycotting' (the slang word then current for such acts of abstention). Their counsels became wild and vacillating to the last degree; one hour they were for giving way for the present till they could hatch another plot; the next they all but sent an order for the arrest in the lump of all the workmen's committees; the next they were on the point of ordering their brisk young general to take any excuse that offered for another massacre. But when they called to mind that the soldiery in that 'battle' of Trafalgar Square were so daunted by the slaughter which they had made that they could not be got to fire a second volley, they shrank back again from the dreadful courage necessary for carrying out another massacre. Meantime the prisoners, brought the second time before the magistrates, under a strong escort of soldiers, were the second time remanded.

"The strike went on this day also. The workmen's committees were extended, and gave relief to great numbers of people, for they had organized a considerable amount of production of food by men whom they could depend upon. Quite a number of well-to-do people were now compelled to seek relief of them. But another curious thing happened; a band of young men of the upper classes armed themselves, and coolly went marauding in the streets, taking what suited them of such

eatables and portables that they came across in the shops which had ventured to open. This operation they carried out in Oxford street, then a great street of shops of all kinds. The Government, then being at that hour, in one of their yielding moods, thought this a fine opportunity for showing their impartiality in the maintenance of 'order,' and sent to arrest these hungry, rich youths, who, however, surprised the police by a valiant resistance, so that all but three escaped. The Government did not gain the reputation for impartiality which they expected from this move, for they forgot that there were no evening papers; and the account of the skirmish spread wide indeed, but in a distorted form, for it was mostly told simply as an exploit of the starving people from the East End, and everybody thought it was but natural for the Government to put them down when and where they could.

"That evening the rebel prisoners were visited in their cells by very polite and sympathetic persons, who pointed out to them what a suicidal course they were following, and how dangerous these extreme courses were for the popular cause. Says one of the prisoners: 'It was great sport comparing notes when we came out anent the attempt of the Government to 'get at' us separately in prison, and how we answered the blandishments of the highly 'intelligent and refined' persons set on to pump us. One laughed; another told extravagant long-bow stories to the envoy; a third held a sulky silence; a fourth damned the polite spy, and bade him hold his jaw—and that was all they got out of us.'

"So passed the second day of the great strike. It was clear to all thinking people that the third day would bring on the crisis; for the present suspense and ill-concealed terror was unendurable. The ruling classes, and the middle-class non-politicians who had been their real strength and support, were as sheep lacking a shepherd; they literally did not know what to do.

"One thing they found they had to do; try to get the 'rebels' to do something. So the next morning, the morning of the third day of the strike, when the members of the Committee of Public Safety appeared again before the magistrate, they found themselves treated with the greatest possible courtesy—in fact, rather as envoys and ambassadors than prisoners. In short, the magistrate had received his orders, and with no more to do than might come of a long stupid speech, which might have been written by Dickens in mockery, he discharged the prisoners, who went back to their meeting place, and at once began a due sitting. It was high time. For this third day the mass was fermenting indeed. There was, of course, a vast number of working people who were not organized in the least in the world; men who had been used to act as their masters drove them, or rather as the system drove of which their masters were a part. That system was now falling to pieces, and the old pressure of the master having been taken off these poor men, it seemed likely that nothing but the mere animal necessities and passions of men would have any hold on them, and that mere general overturn would be the result. Doubtless this would have happened if it had not been that the huge mass had been leavened by Socialist opinion in the first place, and in the second by actual contact with declared Socialists, many, or indeed most of whom, were members of those bodies of workmen above said.

"If anything of this kind had happened some years before, when the masters of labor were still looked upon as the natural rulers of the people, and even the poorest and most ignorant man leaned upon them for support, while they submitted to their fleecing, the entire break-up of all society would have followed. But the long series of years during which the workmen had learned to despise their rulers, had done away with their dependence upon them, and they were now beginning to trust (somewhat dangerously, as events proved) in the non-legal leaders whom events had thrust forward; and though most of these were now become mere figureheads, their names and reputations were useful in this crisis as a stop-gap.

THE COMRADE.



Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

"The effect of the news, therefore, of the release of the Committee gave the Government some breathing time; for it was received with the greatest joy by the workers, and even the well-to-do saw in it a respite from the mere destruction which they had begun to dread, and the fear of which most of them attributed to the weakness of the Government. As far as the passing hour went, perhaps they were right in this."

"How do you mean?" said I. "What could the Government have done? I often used to think that they would be helpless in such a crisis."

Said old Hammond: "Of course I don't doubt that in the long run, matters would have come about as they did. But if the Government could have treated their army as a real army, and used them strategically, as a general would have done, looking on the people as a mere open enemy to be shot at and dispersed wherever they turned up, they would probably have gained the victory at the time."

"But would the soldiers have acted against the people in this way?" said I.

Said he: "I think from all I have heard that they would have done so if they had met bodies of men armed, however badly, and however badly they had been organized. It seems also as if before the Trafalgar Square massacre they might, as a whole, have been depended upon to fire upon an unarmed crowd, though they were much honeycombed by Socialism. The reason for this was that they dreaded the use by apparently unarmed men of an explosive called dynamite, of which many loud boasts were made by the workers on the eve of these events; although it turned out to be of little use as a material for war in the way that was expected. Of course the officers of the soldiery fanned this fear to the utmost, so that the rank and file probably thought on that occasion that they were being led into a desperate battle with men who were really armed,

and whose weapon was the more dreadful, because it was concealed. After that massacre, however, it was at all times doubtful if the regular soldiers would fire upon an unarmed or half-armed crowd."

Said I: "The regular soldiers? Then there were other combatants against the people?"

"Yes," said he; "we shall come to that presently."

"Certainly," I said, "you had better go on straight with your story. I see that time is wearing."

Said Hammond: "The Government lost no time in coming to terms with the Committee of Public Safety; for indeed they could think of nothing else than the danger of the moment. They sent a duly accredited envoy to treat with these men, who somehow had obtained dominion over people's minds, while the formal rulers had no hold except over their bodies. There is no need at present to go into the details of the truce (for such it was) between these high contracting parties, the Government of the Empire of Great Britain and a handful of working men (as they were called in scorn in those days, among whom, indeed, were some very capable and 'square-headed' persons, though, as aforesaid, the abler men were not then the recognized leaders. The upshot of it was that all the definite claims of the people had to be granted. We can now see that most of these claims were of themselves not worthy either demanding or resisting; but they were looked on at that time as most important, and they were at least tokens of revolt against the miserable system of life which was then beginning to tumble to pieces. One claim, however, was of the utmost immediate importance, and this the Government tried hard to evade; but as they were not dealing with fools, they had to yield at last. This was the claim of recognition and formal status for the Committee of Public Safety, and all the associations which it fostered under its wing. This, it is clear, meant two things;

THE COMRADE.

first, amnesty for the 'rebels,' great and small, who, without a distinct act of civil war, could no longer be attacked; and next, a continuance of the organized revolution. Only one point the Government could gain, and that was a name. The dreadful revolutionary title was dropped, and the body, with its branches, acted under the respectable name of the 'Board of Conciliation and its local offices.' Carrying this name, it became the leader of the people in the civil war which soon followed.

"O," said I, somewhat startled, "so the civil war went on, in spite of all that had happened?"

"So it was," said he. "In fact, it was this very legal recognition which made the civil war possible in the ordinary sense of war; it took the struggle out of the element of mere massacres on one side, and endurance plus strikes on the other."

"And can you tell me in what kind of way the war was carried on?" said I.

"Yes," he said; "we have records and to spare of all that; and the essence of them I can give you in a few words. As I told you, the rank and file of the army was not to be trusted by the reactionists; but the officers generally were prepared for anything, for they were mostly the very stupidest men in the country. Whatever the Government might do, a great part of the upper and middle classes were determined to set on foot a counter revolution; for the Communism which now loomed ahead seemed quite unendurable to them. Bands of young men, like the marauders in the great strike of which I told you just now, armed themselves, and drilled, and began on any opportunity or pretence to skirmish with the people in the streets. The Government neither helped them nor put them down, but stood by, hoping that something might come of it. These 'Friends of Order,' as they were called, had some successes at first, and grew bolder; they got many officers of the regular army to help them, and by their means laid hold of munitions of war of all kinds. One part of their tactics consisted in their guarding, and even garrisoning, the big factories of the period; they held at one time, for instance, the whole of that place called Manchester, which I spoke of just now. A sort of irregular war was carried on with varied success all over the country; and at last the Government, which at first pretended to ignore the struggle, or treat it as mere rioting, definitely declared for 'The Friends of Order,' and joined to their bands whatsoever of the regular army they could get together, and made a desperate effort to overwhelm 'the rebels,' as they were now more called, and as indeed they called themselves.

"It was too late. All ideas of peace on a basis of compromise had disappeared on either side. The end, it was seen clearly, must be either absolute slavery for all but the privileged, or a system of life founded on equality and Communism. The sloth, the hopelessness, and, if I may say so, the

cowardice of the last century, had given place to the eager, restless heroism of a declared revolutionary period. I will not say that the people of that time foresaw the life we are leading now, but there was a general instinct among them toward the essential part of that life, and many men saw clearly beyond the desperate struggle of the day into the peace which it was to bring about. The men of that day who were on the side of freedom were not unhappy, I think, though they were harassed by hopes and fears, and sometimes torn by doubts, and the conflict of duties hard to reconcile."

"But how did the people—the revolutionists—carry on the war? What were the elements of success on their side?"

I put this question because I wanted to bring the old man back to the definite history, and take him out of the musing mood so natural to an old man.

He answered: "Well, they did not lack organizers; for the very conflict itself, in days when, as I told you, men of any strength of mind cast away all consideration for the ordinary business of life, developed the necessary talent among them. Indeed, from all I have read and heard, I much doubt whether without this seemingly dreadful civil war, the due talent for administration would have been developed among the working men. Anyhow, it was there, and they soon got leaders far more than equal to the best men among the reactionaries. For the rest, they had no difficulty about the material of their army; for that revolutionary instinct so acted on the ordinary soldier in the ranks that the greater part—certainly the best part—of the soldiers joined the side of the people. But the main element of their success was this, that wherever the working people were not coerced, they worked, not for the reactionists, but for 'the rebels.' The reactionists could get no work done for them outside the districts where they were 'all-powerful, and even in those districts they were harassed by continual risings, and in all cases, and everywhere, got nothing done without obstruction and black looks and sulkiness; so that not only were their armies quite worn out with the difficulties which they had to meet, but the non-combatants who were on their side were so worried and beset with hatred and a thousand little troubles and annoyances that life became almost unendurable to them on those terms. Not a few of them actually died of the worry; many committed suicide. Of course, a vast number of them joined actively in the cause of reaction, and found some solace to their misery in the eagerness of conflict. Lastly, many thousands gave way, and submitted to 'the rebels,' and as the numbers of these latter increased, it at last became clear to all men that the cause which was once hopeless was now triumphant, and that the hopeless cause was that of slavery and privilege."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Labor.

By F. REFIE.



HE giant sleeps—hush! to a rock they chain him;
They lull him in a dream,
And while he dreams they scorn him and disdain him
And reign supreme.



He sees weird images and flowing fountains,
Himself a ruling lord;
He gives the laws to sea and vale and mountains,
His sovereign word.

Yet they are lords and masters of creation;
He only dreams and bears.
On sweeps the age of sham and ostentation
Of graft and tears.

But in his sleep he feels his fetters burning,
The ever tightening chain;
And as he dreams his mighty limbs are turning
In bleeding pain.

Lo! he awakes! The light of morn is streaming
Into his wondering eyes;
Fires of the dawn, like burning worlds are seaming
The eastern skies.

The Giant leaps—these are his broken fetters!
This is his land of birth—
Upon the rock he carves in gleaming letters:
"King of the earth!"

The Hope of the Ages.

By W. W. ATKINSON.

I.



ACK in the ages, when earth was young
The demon, Greed, stalked from out its den,
And soon by its cruel hand was wrung
Kindness and love from the hearts of men.
Where peace and happiness long had dwelt
Strife and misery took their place:

Men at the shrine of Mammon knelt
And saw but the sheen of its brazen face!
War and famine and pestilence came;
Freedom seemed sunk in eternal sleep;
Kings despoiled in Greed's foul name
And deeds were done that made angels weep.

II.

So were the classes born that day—
The Rich to rule and the Poor to toil—
Masters and slaves, yet all of one clay,
Fashioned alike from the earth's warm soil.
Mankind seemed lost in its own dark shame,
But a hope divine lay smouldering there,
Eager to burst into glorious flame
And light the way to an earth more fair.
An earth with no hatred, nor strife, nor wrong.
An earth where Justice and Love shall reign;
Where the purl of the brook and of childhood's song
Shall not be marred by the clanking chain.

III.

O, Hope of the ages, burn ever on!
Strong be thy light to guide our path;
Give shame to those who trembling fawn
In fear of Greed and its deadly wrath.
Give courage, O, Hope! until men shall rise
And sweep the earth like a tidal wave
With a mighty roar that shall reach the skies
And loose the shackles from every slave,
Then shall *Freedom* come and Greed be killed,
Then the tasks of life shared alike by men,
The Hope of the Ages be fulfilled
And love and kindness shall rule again.

The Social Crusaders.

AN IDEAL.



E will try to make
some small piece
of ground beau-
tiful, peaceful,
and fruitful. We
will have no un-
tended or unthought of crea-
tures upon it. We will have
flowers and vegetables in our
gardens, plenty of corn and
grass in our fields. We will
have some music and poetry;
the children shall learn to
dance and sing it; perhaps
some of the old people, in time,
may also. We will have some
art; and little by little some
higher art and imagination
may manifest themselves
among us—nay—even perhaps
an uncalculating and uncovet-
ous wisdom, as of rude Magi,
presenting gifts of gold and
frankincense.

JOHN RUSKIN.



Counting from the left: Rev. Benjamin Wilson, Rev. W. Wise, Rev. Robert M. Webster,
Rev. J. Stitt Wilson, Rev. Carl Thompson, Mr. J. Van Kessel, Mr. J. Van Kessel, Jr.,
Editor of the "Social Crusader."

A QUESTION.



HIS our earth this
day produces
sufficient for our
existence. This
our earth pro-
duces not only a
sufficiency, but a superabund-
ance, and pours a cornucopia
of good things down upon us.
Further, it produces sufficient
for stores and granaries to be
filled to the roof-tree for years
ahead. I verily believe that
the earth in one year produces
enough food to last for thirty.
Why, then, have we not
enough? Why do people die
of starvation, or lead a miser-
able existence on the verge of
it? Why have millions upon
millions to toil from morning
to evening just to gain a mere
crust of bread?

RICHARD JEFFRIES.
("The Story of My Heart.")

Views and Reviews.



ONE of the most important issues of that excellent Standard Socialist Series published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., is "The Origin of the Family," by Frederick Engels, now for the first time translated into English by Ernest Untermann. This book, first published in 1884, has been translated into almost every European language and has long been regarded as one of the "classics" of Socialist philosophical literature. That it had not been heretofore accessible to English readers is surprising, and too much cannot be said in praise of the publishers who have supplied the movement with an admirable translation at a price placing it within the reach of the humblest student.

This work by Engels is in reality a digest of Lewis H. Morgan's epochal work, *Ancient Society*. Working after—and quite independently of—Marx and Engels, Morgan had, so to say, "discovered anew" the materialist conception of history originated by them a quarter of a century before. Morgan, it is hardly necessary to say at this time, was a most painstaking student and his "Ancient Society" represented the labor of more than forty years. But the value and merit of his researches have been very tardily and scantily recognized: his great work is not readily accessible, and in any event could hardly ever become "popular," however useful to the specialist it might be.

It was, so Engels informs us, the intention of Marx himself to publish a work pointing out the importance and value of Morgan's investigations, and he left exhaustive critical notes prepared with that intent, so that in a manner this little work contains the blended efforts of those three intellectual giants, Morgan, Marx and Engels. There are the original researches of Morgan, the critical acumen of Marx and the added information of Engels upon the Celts and Germans. Need anything else be said to commend it to the reader?

At the time of its publication, and again in 1891 when the second German edition appeared, there was some hostile criticism from those who resented what they considered to be an unwarrantable interference with Morgan's work upon the part of Engels. How far that criticism holds good is a question I am not called upon to decide. It does seem to me, however, that since Engels assumed full responsibility and does not seek to impose the burden of his own conclusions upon Morgan, while giving him all due credit for his work, no one has just cause for complaint. Further than that I am convinced that the careful and scholarly condensation of Morgan's bulky volume of some six hundred large pages into little more than two hundred very much smaller pages, will prove a distinct gain to thousands who have neither the time, nor, perhaps, the training requisite to a mastery of the larger work.

* * *

Good old J. Morrison Davidson is the doyen of the English radical press with almost enough pamphlets and books to his credit to stock a small library. His political and economic "confessions" and beliefs are almost as numerous and varied as his writings. "What is Davidson's position?" somebody asked one day of one of his friends. "I don't know what it is to-day," said the friend, "but yesterday afternoon he was an Anarchist-Communist!"

There is one of Davidson's works, which surely ought to be better known on this side of the Atlantic. I refer to his "Four Precursors of Henry George." The four "precursors" were Thomas Spence, "Tom" Paine, William Ogilvie and Patrick Henry Dove. There was another, "the Seventeenth Century

Tolstoy," Jerard Winstanley "the Digger," of whose life, however, Davidson confesses his inability to discover anything, although his "Land Gospel" is set forth at some length. William Ogilvie was a Professor of Latin Language and Literature in Kings College, Aberdeen. He was a contemporary of Spence and Paine and our author calls him the "Euclid of Land Reform." He died, aged eighty-three, in 1819.

Ogilvie was a Single Taxer and it is rather interesting to note that he strenuously sought to interest such men as Frederick the Great of Prussia, George Washington and Lord Cornwallis in his work. Among the papers of Frederick the Great was found a copy of Ogilvie's great work, "An Essay on the Right of Property in Land," inscribed "With the author's compliments."

Spence was a very different sort of man. To begin with, he owed nothing to the circumstance of birth as Ogilvie did. From being a netmaker he became a schoolmaster in Newcastle on Tyne, and it was while so engaged that he published his Land Plan. It was a scheme of land nationalization involving the abolition of all forms of taxation, the land to be rented out to the people by the parochial authorities and the rents applied to all public purposes. Persecuted and boycotted he fled to London, where he became a bookseller and where his propaganda attracted a great deal of attention. He published many pamphlets in defense of his ideas. He was a man of much quiet humor and when Burke referred to the agitation of the people as that of the "Swinish Multitude," he retorted by publishing a weekly paper, which he called "Pigs' Meat," consisting of extracts from the writings of all the great philosophers of history. He used also to amuse himself by having small copper tokens cast with pithy paragraphs favoring his "plan" and throwing them among the people in the streets, who, thinking them to be coins would scramble to obtain them. Spence died in 1814, aged sixty-four years. Although no mention is made of the fact in this book, it is interesting to remember that our English comrade and friend, H. M. Hyndman, some years ago brought to light, and published with notes, the long forgotten plan of Spence.

Of Paine—Carlyle's "rebellious needleman," and Mr. Roosevelt's "dirty little atheist"—it is almost superfluous to speak at length: the facts of his career are well known. How many are there, however, who realize that he was an earnest advocate of "Old Age Pensions" and a support of the land theories of Ogilvie and Spence?

Patrick Henry Dove was a scientist of repute who died in 1873. He was a close friend of Charles Sumner, Thomas Carlyle and Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist. In 1850 he published, in London, Part I of his great work, "The Elements of Political Science, otherwise the Theory of Human Progression and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice." His whole theory as regards rent may be summed up as follows: Private rent is historically misappropriated public taxation * * * the workers having therefore to pay double taxation—what was formerly *taxation* (as *rent*) and present taxation. * * * All rent, so called being truly public taxation, it should be so taken and used, thus doing away with all other forms of taxation.

Winstanley "the Digger" cannot, it seems to me, be so logically claimed as a precursor of George. His "Gospel" is pure communism, and has little in common with the others except a hatred of private monopoly. It is a matter for regret that so little is known concerning him.

I think I have sufficiently indicated the character of "Four Precursors of Henry George" to show the interesting char-

THE COMRADE.

acter of the work. It is a book which should be carefully read by every Socialist and every Single Taxer. Like all Davidson's works, it is written in simple, easy language, so that even a child can understand it.

* * *

Turning from philosophy to fiction, quite the best and most interesting of recent novels that I have read is "Love and the Soul Hunters," by Mrs. Craigie—"John Oliver Hobbes." Equally successful as a dramatist and novelist, Mrs. Craigie occupies a place in the very front rank of contemporary novelists. Her books have always abounded with sparkling epigrams and her experience as a writer of plays has, so to say, rounded out her work till she has scarcely a rival in writers of her own sex, except perhaps Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

True, her hero in "A Serious Wooing" was a pretty ridiculous caricature, and the whole book a hideous travesty of the present day Socialist movement, even worse than the efforts of Hall Caine or Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marcella." But in "Love and the Soul Hunters" Mrs. Craigie is back from her wanderings in strange fields and upon familiar ground. Here all her wonderful power of psychological analysis is brought into play with the most satisfactory results. Prince Paul, of Urseville, Beylestein, the arch "soul hunter," is a distinctly new creation; a "sentimental libertine," affected as sorely as such a creature could be by the death of his favorite of the opposite sex, he confesses to his secretary, Dr. Felshammer, that ambition has deserted him and that he desires nothing better than to retire into private life in some country place. But the appearance of another beautiful "soul," in the person of Miss Clementine Gloucester, awakens his passion—egotism, call it what you will.

But Dr. Felshammer, who is strong of purpose, "Socialistic with a cynical affection for the aristocracy," we are told—though it must be confessed that I find no warrant for the "Socialistic"—seeing her for the first time determines to marry her.

Clementine, meeting both men at luncheon, falls under the influence of the weak and sentimental Prince rather than of the strong and masterful secretary. With her, too, it is a case of "love at sight." Henceforth there is a keen struggle, apparently only half realized by the Prince, on the part of the two men for mastery. Of profound interest is the study of the effect of this struggle upon their lives. The gradual but certain degeneration of the strong-willed secretary, and the equally marked improvement in the Prince. Murder even enters the heart of the cynical Dr. Felshammer, but happily the Prince survives the treacherous shot and marries Clementine. Perhaps it is more of her victory than his.

It is a powerful story, full of intensely dramatic situations, told by a master of the art of story telling. But it is more, much more, than that. It is a study of human life and its passions by one whose genius is indisputable.

* * *

With its October issue "The Craftsman" entered upon its second year and its third volume, assuming a new and enlarged form. One misses the cover designs and the stately gothic type which the former issues had made so familiar and welcome, while welcoming, on the other hand, the general improvement in the quality of the text and illustrations. Miss Sargent writes pleasantly of London in coronation time, and touches upon a variety of interesting topics. Oscar Lovell Triggs, of whom a capital portrait is given, writes with his accustomed penetration and force upon the relation of education to labor and life, "The Workshop and School," while Mr. Frederick S. Lamb writes of the alliance of art and labor as expressed in the decorative work of the various great expositions. A paper very different from either is Ernest Crosby's "Wealth

of St. Francis: A Study in Transcendental Economics." With all his splendid enthusiasm, Crosby brings to the front the inspirational effect of the life of the "Sweet Monk of Assisi" upon the world of art and of letters. Altogether it is an admirable issue of a magazine of great value and promise. J. S.



"ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY." By Frederick Engels. Translated by Ernest Untermann. Cloth, 217 pages. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.

*A SCOT'S WANDERJAHRE. By David Lowe. Cloth, 208 pages. STEPHEN THE BLACK. By Caroline H. Pemberton. Cloth, 282 pages. Philadelphia.

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES. By Caroline H. Pemberton. Cloth, 132 pages. Philadelphia.

THE TRUST PROBLEM AND A SOLUTION. By Charles James Fox, Ph.D. Pamphlet. Price, 10 cents. New York: John W. Lovell.

*Awaiting review.

Any book mentioned on this page can be obtained from the office of "The Comrade" at the publishers' prices.

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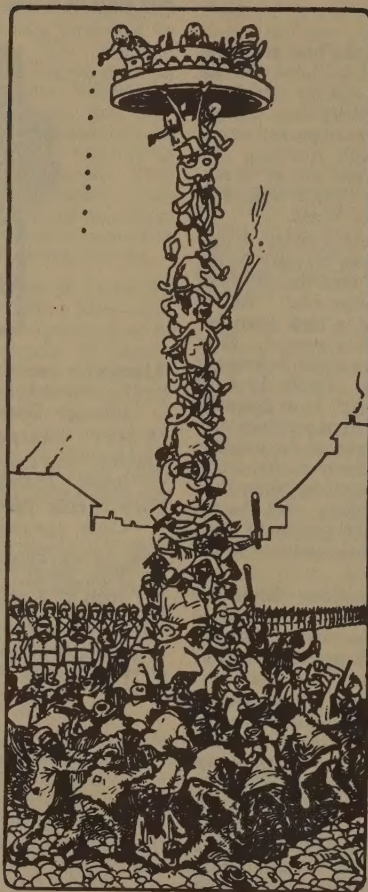
It is with genuine pleasure that we welcome Mr. Ernest McGaffey to the ever-widening circle of our "Comrade"-ship. We believe Mr. McGaffey to be one of the few truly great poets now living. He is not only a great master of versification, but all his themes are intensely human. We hope in an early issue to include a study of some of his published pieces, which should be known to all our readers.

* * *

In our next issue we shall publish an important article of great interest upon "Socialism in Poland," a subject about which little is known. The author of the article, Mr. B. A. Jedrzejewski, is, perhaps, the most competent man in the world to write upon this subject. He is the Foreign Secretary of the Polish Socialist Party and editor of its scientific organ, "Swiasto." He is also the representative of Poland in the International Socialist Bureau. The article upon "How I Became a Socialist" will be contributed by Ernest Untermann, of the "International Socialist Review," and we hope to include the article upon the Alwil shop which we were, unfortunately, unable to include in this issue. A poem of unusual strength by Ernest Crosby will also be a feature of our December number.

* * *

We are exceedingly gratified by the kind reception accorded to our last issue. From all parts of the country, and from other countries as well, we have received letters of enthusiastic



THE "DELIGHTFUL" PRESENT.

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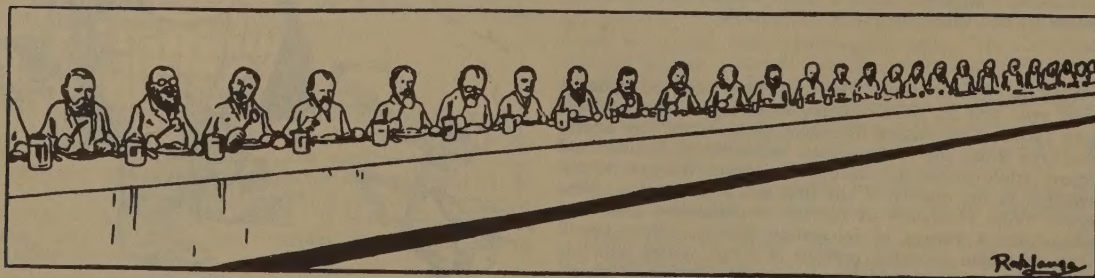
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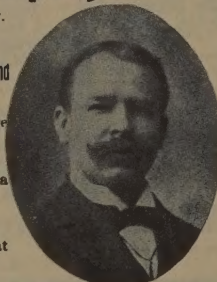
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